Glo. Tush, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessary.
La. I would know thy heart.
Glo, Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are false.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy breast incloseth my poore heart.
Were both of them for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore supplyant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse foreuer.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
A presently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where, after I haue solemnly enterred
At Chertsie Monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boone.
La. with all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressil and *Bartly*, goe along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue sayd farewell already *Exit.*

Glo.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the course.
Ser. Towards Chertsie noble Lord?
Glo. No to white Fryers there attend my comming:
Was euer woman in this humour woed? *Exunt Manet*
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I haue kild her husband and her father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest heate:
With curses in her mouth teares in her eyes.
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by:
Hauing God, her conscience, and these barres against
And I nothing to backe my suite withall
But the plaine Diuel and dissembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world is nothing? Hah?
Hath shee forgot already that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord, Whom I some three moneths since
Stabd in my angry mood at *Tewxbury*?
A sweeter and louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigality of nature:
Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,
The spacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will shee yet debace her eyes on me,
That crept the golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her widdow to a woefull bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?
My Dukedome to be a beggerly denier,
I doe mistake my person all this while.
Vpon my life shee finds although I cannot
My selfe, to be a marualous proper man,
Ile be at charges for a Looking-glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of tailors
To studie fashions to adorne my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with a little cost.
But first ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out fare sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*